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THE ART OF DWIGHT W. TRYON
AN APPRECIATION
BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

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SMITHSONIAN
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Springtime

Smithsonian (Freer) Collection

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MAY MCMIX

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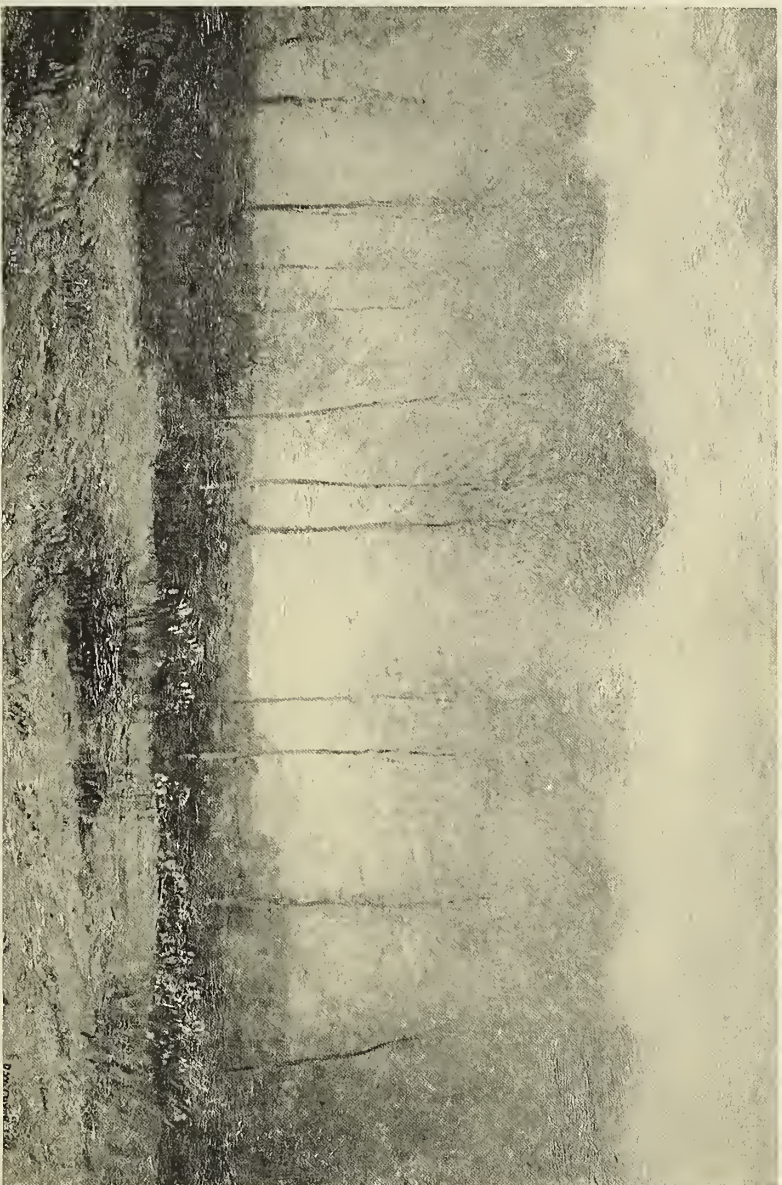
A very notable quality of inevitableness characterises the art of Dwight W. Tryon. His art has developed so logically from within himself, and, moreover, in so close relation to the outside causes and effects which have determined the development of modern landscape, that he is more than a singularly individual personality. His art is also highly representative of the modern spirit; the ripest harvest, in fact, of forces that have been gradually maturing during the late century.

For from the vantage point of today, looking over the space of nearly a hundred years since the beginning of the Barbizon movement, one can discover a complete chain of cause and effect that was bound to culminate sooner or later in such a kind and quality of landscape as this of Tryon's. That the conclusion should have been reached in his case is because the premise of his own temperament that he has so logically followed, happened to be in direct accord with the premise of his age. He has, indeed, so far as principles are concerned, said the last word that had to be said in the development of the naturalistic school of landscape painting. Already a new motive of landscape art has risen above the horizon, of which I may have something to say presently; but the logic of the old one, as I read the signs of the times, has come to its conclusion in Tryon.

For the landscape movement, initiated by the artists of Barbizon, under the influence of Constable and the

Dutch School of the seventeenth century, had its basis in natural representation. Its motive was to visualise the facts of nature, as seen in their own natural environment of lighted atmosphere. From the start, too, the motive was in the true sense of the word, affected by "impressionism." It aimed at a synthesis, derived from analytical study of facts; in which the facts should be, not literally presented but interpreted through suggestion. And the suggestion, from the first, was directed not only to the eye of the spectator but also to his mind's eye. It recorded an impression of how nature had been felt, as well as of how it had been seen. Moreover, from the beginning, the degree of feeling varied in its amount and quality of objectivity or subjectiveness.

In the first half of the century, in fact, all the principles of modern naturalistic landscape had been firmly rooted; it was but their subsequent growth that was affected in the later half of the century, by the men first called "impressionists." The influence of the latter was in the direction of a closer study of the natural phenomena of light; an analysis more scientific of its varied qualities and a more scientific rendering of them by the conscious use of "values." Under the new aspect of impressionism, initiated by Manet and Monet, landscape has grown into a still closer relation to nature's coloring, while in this subtler interpretation of light phenomena a more elaborate and extended keyboard has



Dawn

Hillier Art Gallery, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

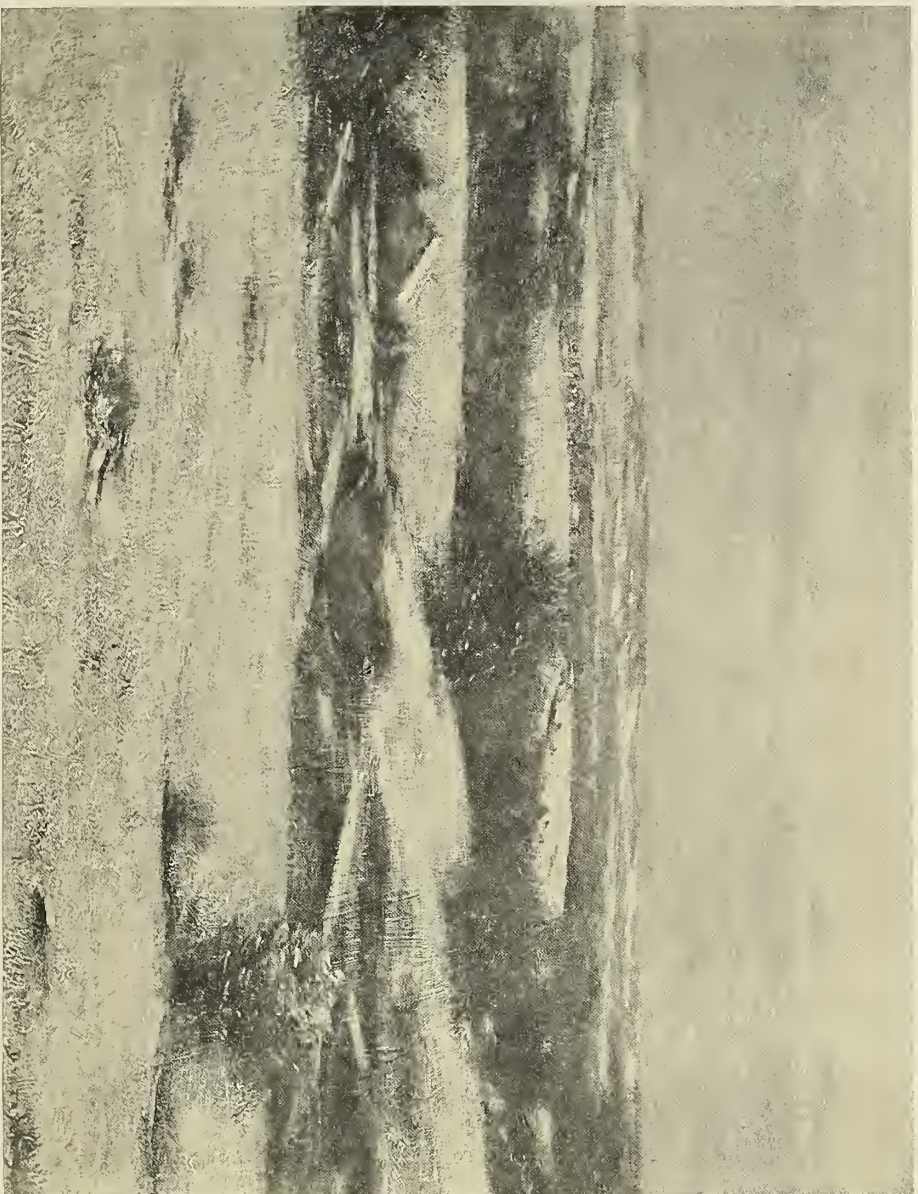
been opened up to the artist for the expression of his personal moods of feeling.

On the other hand, in the attention given to the play of light on surfaces there was a disposition to ignore the underlying structure. In the analysis of values the facts of form were often overlooked, and thus one truth was sacrificed to another. Further, the painter, intent upon suggesting the momentary or fugitive impressions of a scene, would often stop short of achieving also the finer qualities of technique. The craftsmanship was often inefficient and unbeautiful. Such were the sacrifices that for a time, as every student of the history of art knows, the new impressionism imposed on the natural representation of the landscape; and it is because the majority of American landscape painters have succeeded in effecting a compromise, in which form, light and craftsmanship are duly considered, that they constitute today a group of artists unsurpassed in sincerity and achievement. It is at the head of this group that Tryon may be claimed to rank.

Tryon's eminence has been determined by the quality of his mind. The latter is essentially the product of an age that in all departments of life has substituted science for empiricism. His is the scientific point of view, primarily concerned with the facts of nature. It involves firstly, a profound sense of the significance of form, secondly an analytical study, exacting in its thoroughness and subtle in its perceptions. When he reaches

the point of translating the scientific attitude into terms of art, it results in a technique equally thorough and subtle; characterised by extraordinary truth of form and vigor of drawing, and yet at the same time by a most complex over-web of color-values. By this time the forms themselves and their envelope of light have become symbols through which he interprets his spiritual attitude toward nature. For, in the final analysis, it is this spiritual expression, the need of which has determined every step of the scientific artistic processes, that is the distinguishing character of his mind.

How shall one describe it in words? For I was surprised the other day by being asked: How can one speak of spiritual expression in the case of a landscape? In the attempt to answer the question, I suggested the various stages of expression that may be discovered in landscape. Firstly, there is the purely objective expression, a rendering simply of the physical aspects of the scene; secondly, the expression, scarcely less exclusively objective, which heightens the significance of facts; making one more conscious, for example, of the ample breadth and buoyancy of the sky, of the force and depth and motion of great masses of water. Then, the coloring of the expression with the tincture of the artist's own moods, either those which he brings to the study of the facts, or which the facts inspire in him. Such expression in its various phases represents the artist's mood of feeling, analysed and interpreted through his æsthetic



Winter Afternoon

In the collection of Mrs. S. R. Callaway, New York City

imagination. We speak of his landscape as having sentiment. But what, if his mental attitude be higher than that of feeling; involving the intellectual imagination; no longer bounded by æsthetic perception, though the æsthetic be used as a means of expression? Suppose his vision of nature is not limited to the moods of his own personality; that it is impersonal, including not only the local and the temporal, but conceiving of the visible, tangible facts of nature as symbols of the invisible, impalpable facts of the Eternal and Universal? What, if this conception of the symbolism of matter be so strong in him, that it colors his attitude toward nature, so that in the concrete he is conscious of the abstract? For lack of a better word we may call it the spiritual attitude toward life and nature. However we term it, it is no new idea; on the contrary, one of world-wide possession, held alike by savage and by cultivated people; by our own aboriginal Indian, as by the Buddhist of the East; represented in Hellenic Pantheism, as in the Christian tenet of a God made manifest in the flesh, of a God without whom no sparrow falls to the ground and by whom all the hairs of a man's head are numbered. It is, in a word, the expressed consciousness of some Force outside of and greater than anything we know, of which what we know is but the symbol. It is what the Japanese artist calls "kokoro," and without "kokoro-mochi," or the expression of this spirituality, he will tell you, great art cannot exist; art only touching its possibilities

of being great when it interprets something of the Abstract, Eternal, and Universal.

Such is the quality of the expression in Tryon's landscapes and marines, and it has grown logically out of the mental attitude toward nature that has inspired him since boyhood.

A New Englander, born at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1849, he began life as a book-keeper and salesman in a wholesale and retail bookstore in his native city. But already he was determined to become an artist, impelled thereto by his love of nature and by the pleasure that he found in drawing. The latter, at first, took the form of penmanship, which he practiced in his leisure, until he became recognised as a skilful engrosser of diplomas and such like documents that permitted ornamental and varied calligraphy. Then he turned to painting and out-of-door subjects, and began to be known as a landscape painter. As he had made money with his pen, so now he found a gradually increasing income from his brush, and at the age of twenty-four was able to retire from business life and open a studio. Here, he took pupils, and worked to so much purpose for his own development, that at the end of a year he held a sale of his pictures, the proceeds from which, added to what he had already saved, put him in a position to live abroad for some years. Accordingly in 1874, he and his wife betook themselves to Paris.

Tryon entered upon this stage of his career with a preparedness that few Paris students possess. In the first



Before Sunrise—June

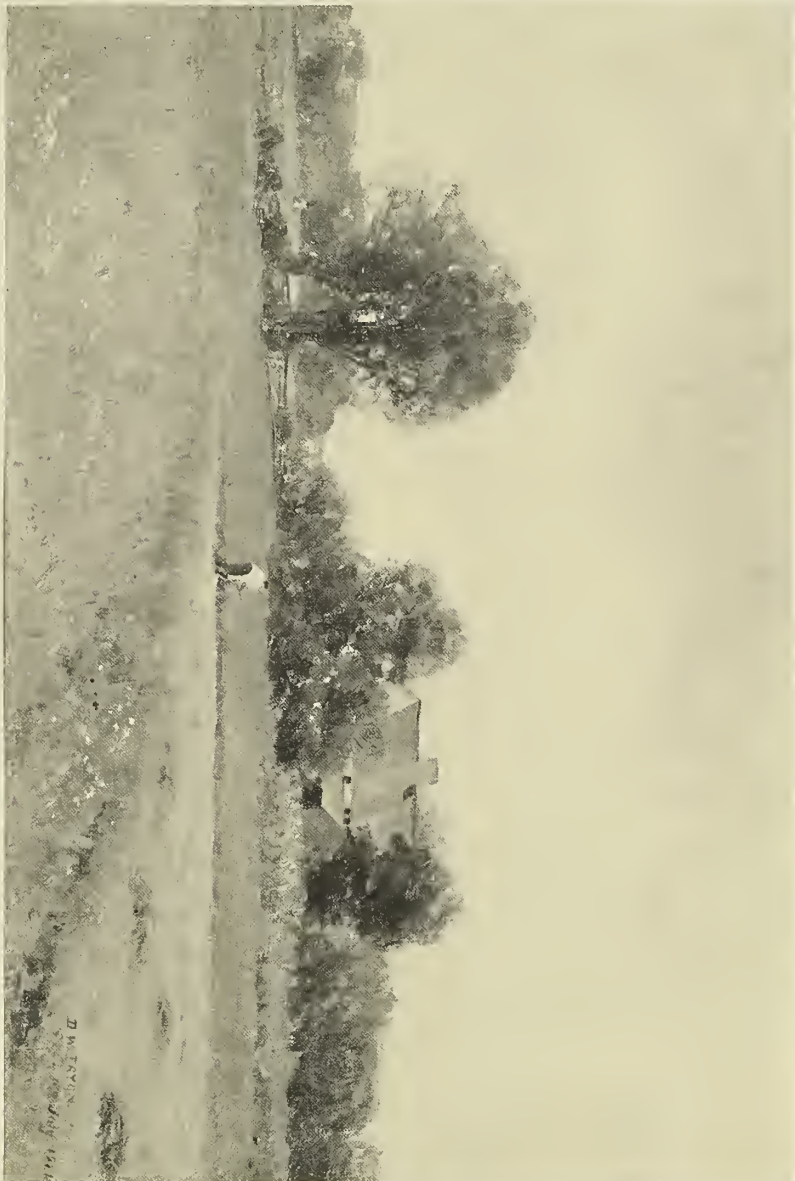
Detroit Museum of Art

place, he had the warrantable belief in himself that belongs to a self-made man. He had proved that he could do things; and, in the second place, he had developed a clear conviction of what he meant to do. It was a conviction, moreover, founded on the experience of long study; firstly of nature, secondly of the literature of art. He had always been, what he still remains, a worshipper of nature. The phrase is his own, and worth considering. It implies much more than a love of nature; it is rather a religion, practised not from afar, but in intimate companionship with and thorough soul-searching into the mysteries of the thing worshipped. It is a religion that, as I shall notice presently, partakes closely both of Rousseau's and of Corot's attitude toward nature, but has added to theirs something of its own. Meanwhile, he had had access to all the books on art in his employer's store and in the public library; had mastered, as far as possible, the history of art, and learned to understand the diverse motives and methods of various schools and men, to such extent as they can be gathered from books. He had also lost no opportunity of training his natural love of music; in fact, to the utmost of his capacity and opportunity he had realised, what he still so firmly believes in, the artist's need of varied mental development.

Accordingly, when Tryon reached Paris, his mind was formed beyond the average of students. He had, as I have said, a fixed purpose, and a clear understanding also of what he needed to attain it. This, as he saw it, was

discipline, through a rigidly exacting systematic course in craftsmanship and in the science of the art of painting, such as the École des Beaux Arts supplies. Therefore he entered that school and for a few years applied himself to the rigorous routine of the academic study of the figure, deriving particular benefit from the criticisms of Jacquesson de la Chevreuse, an exhaustively scientific teacher, the favorite pupil of Ingres. Meanwhile his summers were spent in various parts of Europe, in painting out of doors. During one season his headquarters were at Guernsey, in the Channel Islands; during another, at Dordrecht, where he painted *The River Maas*, which was hung in a place of honor in the Salon and is now owned by a member of the Morse family. Another summer visit is also commemorated in *Harvest Time, Normandy*, which was painted in 1881, and is now in the possession of Mr. F. W. Cheney, of Manchester, Connecticut. In this year, 1881, Tryon returned to New York, which has since been, as he characteristically expresses it, his winter "stopping place," South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, being his "summer home." Here many of his pictures are started, though he usually paints them in his New York studio.

It is only necessary to add to this brief review of Tryon's student days, a mention of his contact with Harpignies, Daubigny and A. Guillemet. Concerning his relations with them I cannot do better than quote his own words. "I was with Harpignies less than one month and



Glastonbury Meadows

In the collection of Mr. W. K. Bixby, St. Louis

I do not feel that I owe much to his influence, nor am I an admirer of his work. While I was at times with C. Daubigny, he gave me little help save the inspiration of his genial company. He had very little analytic sense, and as often asked my judgment on his work as proffered his to me. A. Guillemet gave me much wise advice and was well fitted to direct me out of certain academic paths into which I had fallen from study in the schools."

The letter in which the above appears also contains the following: "Of my aims in art you probably know as much as I. Often I think that the essence of art is so individual, that it takes the onlooker to define it. The artist often paints better, often worse, than he knows."

With these last words of noble humility, so characteristic, one may believe, of Tryon's mental and spiritual personality, I take leave of the man *in propria persona* and apply myself to the analysis of the artist, as embodied in his pictures. Incidentally I thank him for his expression of belief in the possibilities of a corresponding noble humility in a critic; that for the latter also, if he understands aright his privileges, there is a place in art; not for vulgar advertisement of self or others, but for sincere, if faulty, interpretation, to artists and laymen alike, of the beauty he has himself perceived.

The characteristics of Tryon's art, as I have already suggested, are twofold; profound earnestness, and a correspondingly consummate technique. In his work the two are inseparably interlocked; the mental attitude de-

termining the character of the technique at every step, and the technique responding step by step to the mind with unfailing directness and certainty. I speak, of course, of the result ; for in the progress of the making of the picture, Tryon, like every other serious artist or worker in any medium, finds himself at points of indecision that for a moment balk his purpose. But in the finality of the picture there is seldom evidence of such retarding circumstances ; the impression, as a rule, being one of certain and direct achievement.

The momentum of his earnestness, as again I have suggested, is at once centripetal and centrifugal. While it concentrates upon the visible facts of nature, it at the same time views them in their relation to the Universal. While it starts from the facts of the local and temporal, it irradiates them with the significance that has been gathered from the vast Outside. It is alike practical and idealistic. And a corresponding quality characterises his technique. For the latter is at one and the same time straightforward and complex ; strong and subtle ; simple and intricate. In a word, if I may so express it, it presents a gossamer web draped over a stout scaffolding. The staunchness of the latter is never for a moment in doubt ; but it is felt rather than seen, and the consciousness of its actuality never obtrudes upon the higher consciousness of the film of suggestion that invests it.

It is in the drawing, one need hardly say, that the strength of the scaffolding is realised. As Tryon himself

expresses it, he is not content unless, in introducing a tree, he succeeds in making real to the eye its form and special character. But it is in the more difficult art of giving form and character to skies and foregrounds that, one may believe, he particularly excels. The more so, that in his pictures the skies are usually cloudless; the foregrounds, for the most part, uncharacterised by conspicuous features. They are, in fact, to use a studio term, "empty spaces" in the composition, which serve to set off the middle distance, in which he places the objects of peculiarly local significance. Yet in the usual acceptance of the term, they are the reverse of empty. These cloudless skies are filled with light; wells of luminous fluidity, into which one gazes to find no hindrance or limit to the onward sweep of one's imagination. Similarly, the foregrounds have a depth of structural reality that makes them seem a part of the foundation of the earth itself. Nor is their surface unfilled with character. Though they offer few arresting features, they are alive with the thousand and one accidents and surprises of nature's life. The appearance of their visible facts and the consciousness of the underlying facts of earth and rock structure are realised with quite extraordinary vividness.

It is, indeed, on the basis of these foregrounds that Tryon invites one to take one's stand and accept his point of view. Under us is the earth's sure firmness, all about us, the evidence of nature's facts, trivial, perhaps, to a careless eye, but, I suspect, for that very reason, stud-

ied and observed and rendered by the artist, because he feels in their very trivialness a symbol of the comparative unimportance of all nature's visibilities, even the grandest, when viewed in relation to the limitless Invisible. It is from this basis, I take it, of ocular and mental comprehension, that he would have you start upon the appreciation of his picture. Then, as the eye and mind travel across the foreground and reach the middle distance, they gradually experience the change from direct and forcible realisation to suggestion. Here the facts, though no less real, have become less palpable, even less visible; have been divested of much of their concrete significance and have begun to take on something of the abstract. As forms, these trees are already disembodied; they are spirit forms; breathless, motionless, against the spirituality of the sky. One has, in fact, if one treads the path that the picture invites, been lead gradually from a realisation of the facts of nature, as we know them, to a consciousness that they are symbols of what we do not know, but may believe in. From purely sense perception we have attained to an exercise of the intellectual imagination.

Meanwhile we have already fallen under the spell of Tryon's use of values; for, although it was necessary to speak of the drawing separately, these two resources of his technique are inseparable. Just as he has carried the truth of drawing to a precision unsurpassed by any landscape painter, so does he excel in truth of values. He is a mas-

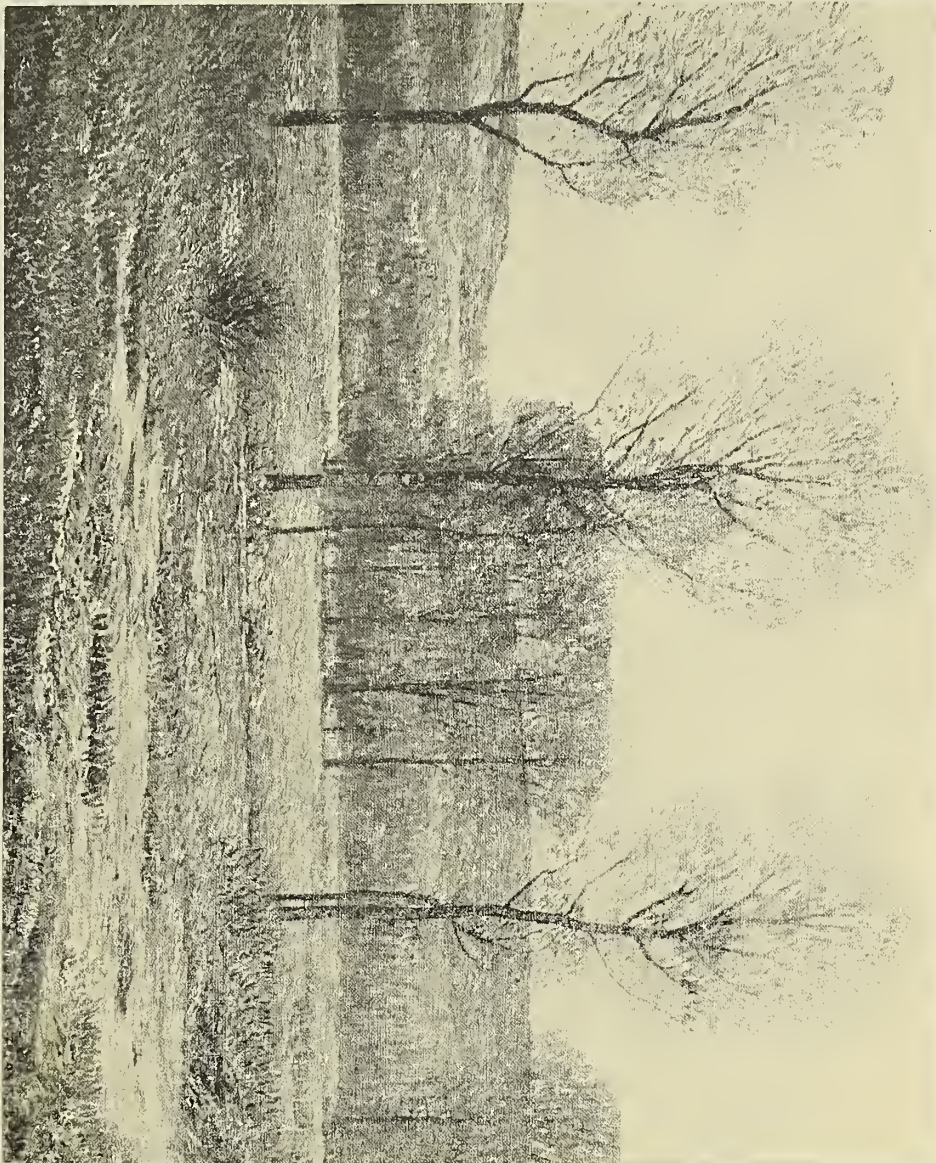


November Evening

In the collection of Mr. E. D. Adams, New York City

ter in rendering the quantity of light contained in the different local colors, and the quality of light, reflected from the various planes of these colored surfaces. It is in this respect that he, like other modern masters of landscape, surpasses the Barbizon artists in truth to nature. With them the truths of form were drawn, one might almost say compelled, into harmonious rhythm by the balanced relations of a tonal scheme that, compared with nature's coloring, was disposed to be more or less arbitrary. On the other hand, it is the diversities of nature's own scheme of colored light, that the modern painter's harmony of values more closely approximates. Thereby his art, reinforced by a more accurate science, has come infinitely nearer to a realisation of the truth of nature. It halts before reaching absolute truth, for two reasons: one of necessity, the other of design. In the first place, his pigments will not permit him to reach the highest notes of light; he is compelled, therefore, to transpose the harmony of nature into a lower key. And, in the second place, the harmony of nature, from the point of view of a work of art, is incomplete. However complete it may seem to be, it is adjusted to a scale incomparably bigger than the dimensions of a work of art. In transposing nature's harmony to a lower key, there must also be an adjustment of the harmony itself, in order to secure the perfectly balanced relation of the parts and the whole that a work of art demands. It is here that the quality of the artist's mind and his mastery of technique assert themselves.

That Tryon, therefore, excels in the use of values, is an accomplishment that he shares with many other modern artists ; with all, in fact, who are painting in the light of modern scientific art. But his individual distinction is in the *way* he employs this technique, which itself is the product of his special quality of mind. His technique is the direct expression of his peculiar point of view. As a step toward appreciating his technical use of values, it is worth while to consider for a moment how in a general way this newer technique has affected expression. Granting that the charm of the *paysage intime* consists, as its name implies, in the intimate rendering of familiar scenes, it follows that extra knowledge on the artist's part of the scene he studies must result in closer intimacy and a familiarity more companionable. Further that, if the artist is intent on expression, he has through his increased means of rendering nature's appearances, a superior instrument on which to play. He is, indeed, in the position of the modern musical composer, for whom science, in the place of the harpsichord or spinet, has developed the pianoforte. When, therefore, the artist in question is one who, like Tryon, seeks after an expression that is alike embracing and subtle, he has at hand in this technique of values an instrument that responds to both. It has been developed for just such as he, and he is just the man to utilise it to the uttermost. That he has done so is one reason of my belief that with him the last word in this new technique has been said. I mean



May

Carnegie Art Institute, Pittsburgh

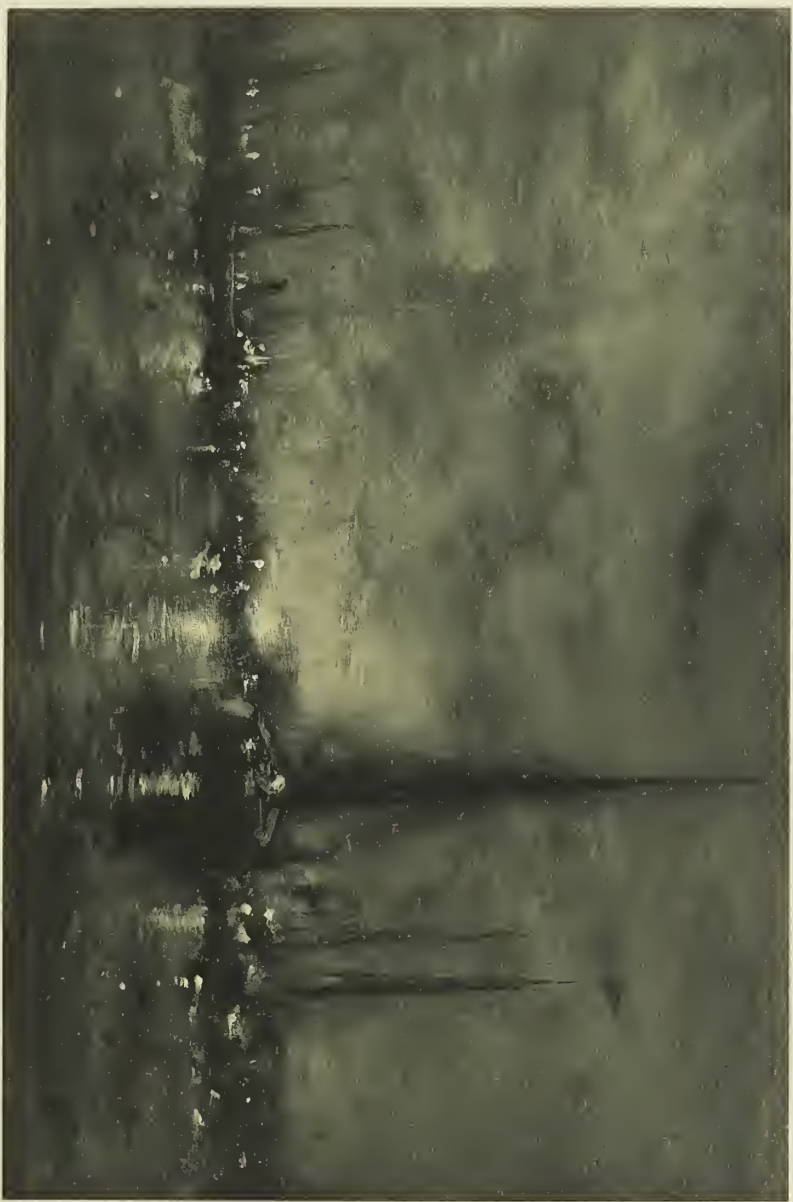
that as a motive and a method, he has extracted from it its highest capabilities. Other men have manipulated it to express a varied gamut of emotions, he has raised its capacity of expression to the n^{th} power, that of spiritual suggestion.

If one analyses the way in which he has accomplished this, it is to be confronted again with the organic unity of the drawing and the values. I spoke of the latter as a web, to emphasise, what I feel so vividly, the exquisitely subtle quality of their surfaces. But the term really implies too loose and detachable an idea. In view of the organic relation between the surfaces and the structure, the values are better to be compared with the differences of light reflected from the facets of the human flesh, beneath the firmness of which is the staunchness of the bony framework. Consequently their expression receives additional force from the support of the underlying substance; a vitality from the life within; its own complexity and subtlety emanate from what is apparently simple and comprehensible. Thus it appeals to one with an immediate directness; possibly, for a moment, with a suggestion of being too homely in its intimacy. For Tryon, so far from treating scenes of obvious allurements, is disposed to select those which are ascetic in their abnegation of the gentler amenities of nature. He has the scientist's determination to reach the bare, undisguised basis of first principle.

But, by the time one has studied the scheme of val-

ues, the impression of unity and directness grows into one of amazed delight at the actual complexity and subtlety. One becomes aware of the intricacy of the innumerably related parts, of the extraordinary delicacy of their maze of contrasts and similarities; later of the rhythm that unites them. And one grows to perceive the quality of the rhythm. It has nothing of the ample sweep, so admirably suggested in Tennyson's line, "Waves of light went over the wheat," which is characteristic rather of the rhythm of the old masters of color, such as Paolo Veronese. It is nearer that which renders mysterious the face of *Mona Lisa*, an assemblage of the faintest differences of tone, that tremble in harmony like the consonances and dissonances of an Æolian lyre. So rarefied is their expression, penetrating but impalpable as air, that it quickens one's intellectual imagination, and at once invites and compels it to a consciousness of the spiritual. At least so, through the clumsy medium of words, I try to explain the way in which Tryon's use of values affects myself.

A very characteristic example of his art is the large canvas in the Smithsonian (Freer) collection, *Springtime*, our frontispiece, which in 1898 gained the gold medal at the Carnegie Institute exhibition at Pittsburgh. The coarse grass in the foreground is interrupted by a large slab of rock, and similar outcroppings of this barren harvest of some primeval earthshock strew the ground to nearly half the distance of the picture. Here and there is



Newport at Night

Collection of Mr. Burton Mansfield, New Haven

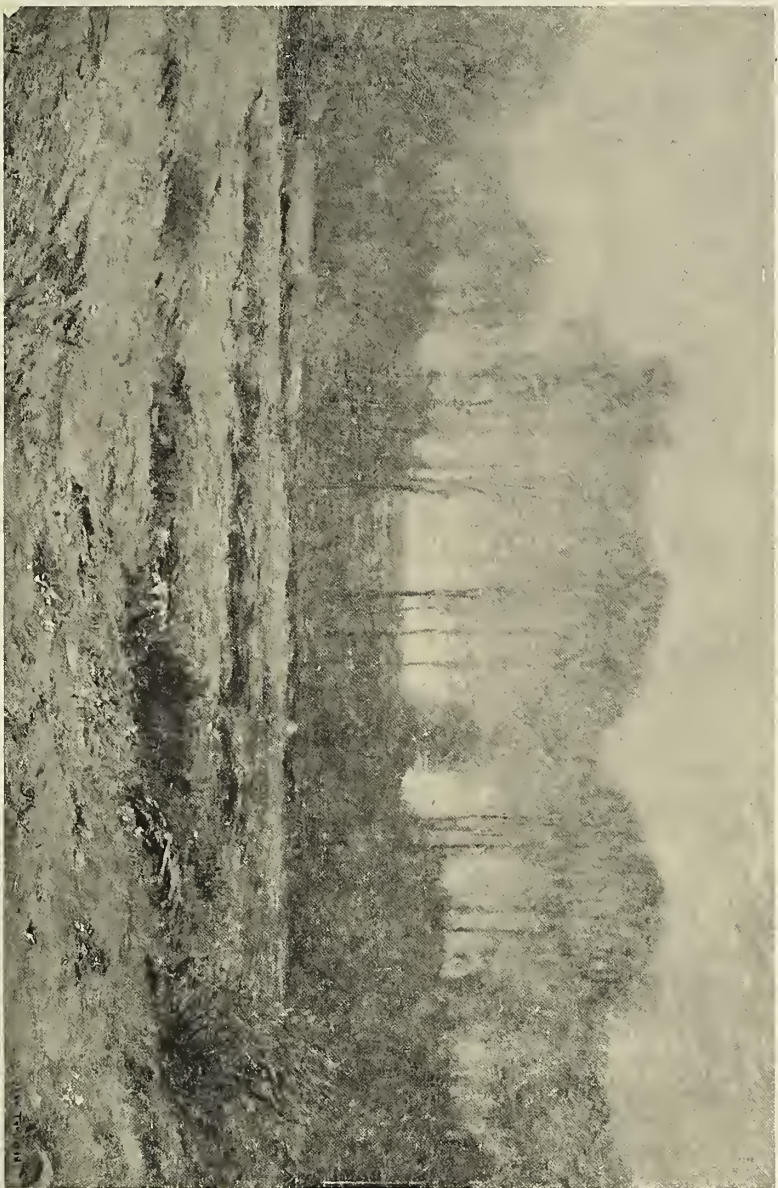
a wiry bush that, like the grass, is fledged with the shrill green of a still chilly Spring, and there are four slender trees, whose budding green, however, being faintly dispersed against the sky, shows softer. This rock-strewn patch, so familiar a sight in the uplands of New England, suggesting the graveyard of an extinct phase of nature, is bordered by a rude wall of piled stones, beyond which lies a stretch of arable land, pale violet-brown, reddened in the furrow, upturned by a plough. This fragment of soil snatched from the waste and desolation, is separated by the silver thread of a stream from the background of hills, whose green appears almost colorless against a pinkish, palish blue sky, chill and cloudless, but alert with air. Amid the natural austerity of the scene the one human touch is supplied by the distant group of the ploughman and his team. The cool, hard light, diffused evenly over the landscape, permits no contrast of light and shade, and reduces the values to a meagre range in a minor key; inviting no illusions, captivating with no surprises, but relentlessly laying bare the naked facts in all their commonplace, average uniformity.

Yet, notwithstanding this, bit by bit, with the untiring conscientiousness of consummate craftsmanship, Tryon has given its separate characterisation to every item of this average assembly of facts; laying step by step the foundations of his groundwork, and building plane after plane the just elevations of the but slightly differentiated distances, till he reaches the sky and draws

it forward to invest the whole solid structural fabric with an envelope of lighted atmosphere. It is an extraordinary example of complex and subtle composition, the fidelity of which, as you study the difficulties that it involved, amazes you. But it does more. It presently bewitches you.

You become conscious of the charm that the technical precision of excellence has wrought. The structure, like Thebes, has grown to music. The rhythm and relation of the values are so discernible that the austerity of the scene melts into melody; its assemblage of inconsiderable items becomes united in harmonious chorus, the very air palpitates with song. As the far-off singing of a distant choir, trembling in the sky, it faintly stirs the awakening foliage and hovers like a sigh over the earth that after its long sleep begins again to be awake. Spring is astir once more, with its first faint whisper of the renewal of life.

And surely in the expression of this picture there is something higher than the *sentiment* of spring. If it were sentiment, the impression derived from it would correspond to the stimulation of body and mind that we experience in the actual enjoyment of an early day in spring, when the signs of reappearing life in nature and the alertness of the air stir to a sense of new activity the life in ourselves. But here, if I mistake not, the impression is impersonal, unrelated to moods; touched with the suggestion of the Universal. For an instant "our little



Early Morning—September

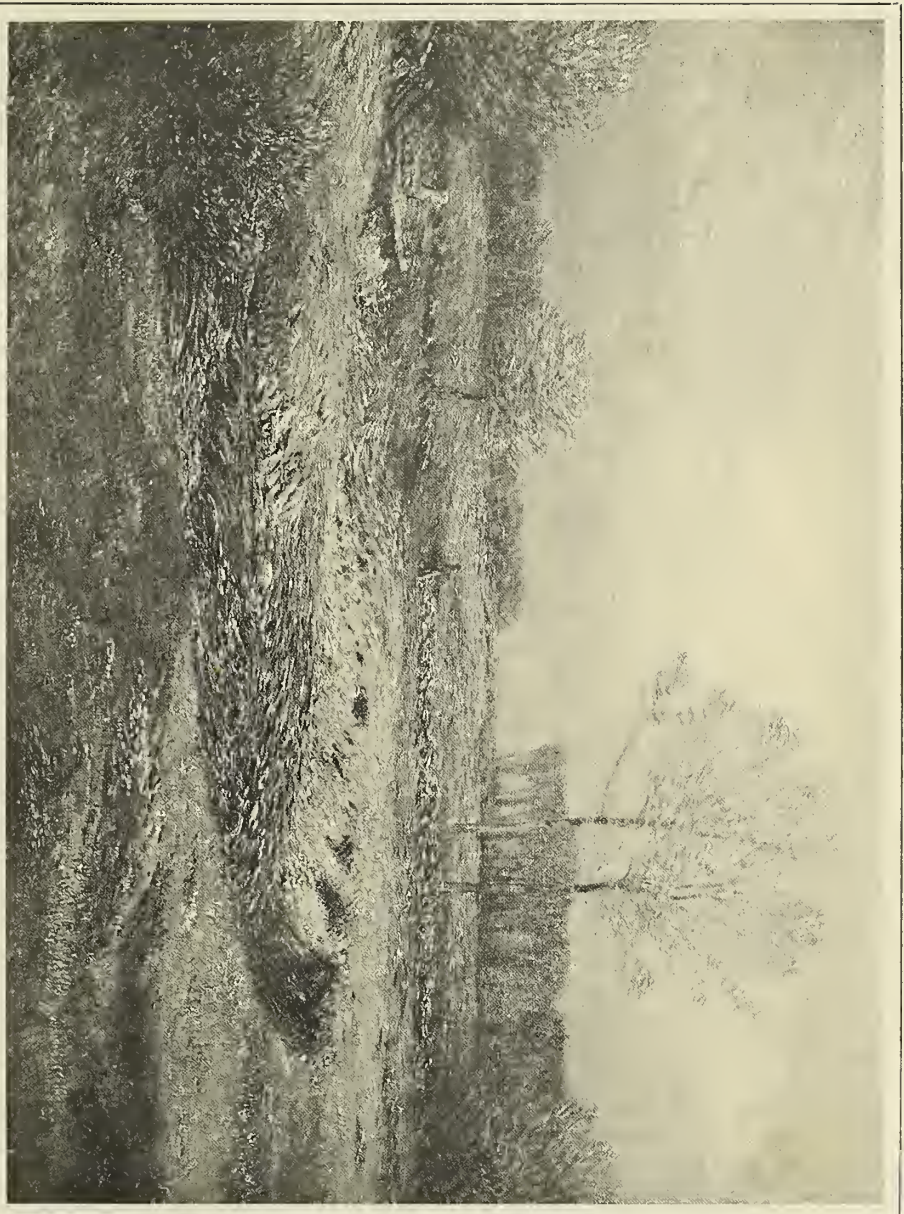
In the collection of Mr. Ernest W. Longfellow, Boston

life," that ordinarily "is bounded by a sleep," glimpses a wide awakening.

Similarly in Tryon's Night pictures there is more than the sentiment of night. It is rather the *spirit* of night that has informed them. The local silence seems for a moment to be charged with the inarticulate echo of Eternity's vast silence; the loneliness tenanted by the companionship of vast distances. Again it is something more rarefied than sentiment that his many Early Morning and Twilight pictures exhale; the breath of a spirituality that has entered into them from an infinite Outside. One may compare them with Corot's rendering of similar subjects to discover that Corot's spirituality is rather that of Schopenhauer; an exquisitely sensuous dream of higher potentialities of feeling. It is sublimated, yet still but a higher range of sentiment; not so purged of the personal as to have attained the peaks of spirit. Correspondingly, Corot was disposed to elude the facts of earth, to blur the actualities of form; he would transform the vision of the world by viewing it through a veil of sensuous imaginings. Tryon's imagination, on the contrary, is intellectual. He is akin to Emerson in the character of his spirituality; with enough of the Puritan heritage of conscience to have no stomach for evasions, however beautiful. He would not transform the vision of the world into a dream, but interprets its temporal and local realities in terms of Universal realism. To him, as I have said, the concrete is a symbol of the abstract; in

which respect he suggests an interesting parallel with Ibsen.

To Ibsen's mind the larger issues of life were constantly present, and in the light of these he studied the individual instances. His characters are types ; but more than typical of a certain range of temperament ; they are, in many cases at any rate, symbols of the universal idea of which the temperament is but a symptom. Hilda, for example, in *The Master Builder* is a type of buoyant girlishness, but she symbolises also the universal encroachment of youth upon the age of Time ; the inevitable, never ending knocking on the door of life by the "new generation." Solness, on the other hand, type of the man who has built his successes on the ruin of the lives of others, is equally a symbol of the crude supremacy of physical and mental force, doomed to disintegration by its own destructiveness. At least, this is how I am disposed to read him ; you may read him otherwise. That matters little. For the point is not how one interprets the larger significance, but the fact that it invites such interpretation ; that it involves an abstract idea of universal application, and stimulates every thoughtful reader to abstract thinking. On the other hand, the cursory reader may entirely miss the abstract suggestion of the play, and see in the latter only the realistic presentment of actual life. Moreover, because the life that Ibsen presents is of the middle-class, shown under accidents of social convention different from the reader's, the lat-



The Brook—May

In the collection of Mr. William A. Rogers, Buffalo

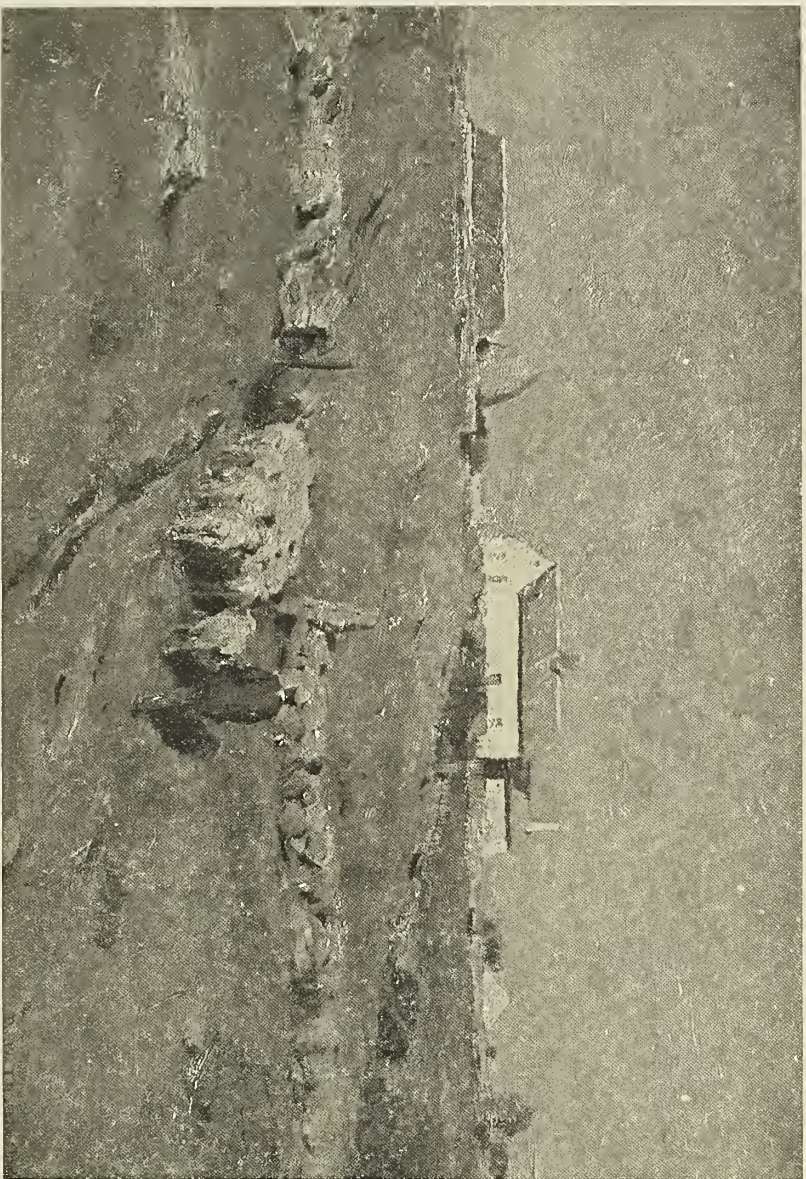
ter may find the realism not to his taste. Sordid, pessimistic, deadly dull, are some of the epithets often applied to the realism of Ibsen's prose dramas by people whom one would not be surprised to hear speaking in a correspondingly unsympathetic way of the realistic features of some of Tryon's pictures.

On the other hand, many readers of Ibsen who are enthusiastic regarding his symbolism, overlook the extraordinarily perfect building up of the realistic substructure. For Ibsen himself was a master builder. The logic, economy, and absolute efficiency of consummate craftsmanship determine every stage of the play construction. The fabric of realism justifies itself at every point and is self-sufficient and complete. The symbolism is but a tissue of "values," of thought-suggestions, that invests the whole structure with an added impressiveness, a heightened significance. Thus this mingling of realism and idealism in Ibsen's dramas corresponds both in kind and in method with Tryon's blending of the concrete and the abstract. Both men, in fact, belong to that later group of thinkers, workers, and artists who have compelled a readjustment of the old notions concerning realism and idealism.

For until recently the recognised distinction between the two has been the one imposed upon us by the academic or so-called classic school of art. It dates back to the fifteenth century, when scholars and artists had learned through Hellenic culture Plato's doctrine of

ideas. They conceived of ideal beauty, and sought to invest their works of art with a portion of this abstract, universal perfection; calling themselves idealists in contrast to the realists, who were satisfied to represent life as they saw it. The technique of that day was based on the supremacy of the human form, and realists and idealists alike set the human form in the front plane and treated everything else as a background to it. The idealists therefore "improved upon" the forms of nature in order to bring them as far as possible into accord with the harmonies and rhythm of an imagined perfection; and such to this day is the principle of the academic or classic school.

But times and conditions have changed. As far back as the seventeenth century the Dutch began to lay the foundation of the scientific attitude toward life, and their thinkers, workers, and artists began to study humanity in relation to its actual environment. The artists did not neglect form; but they saw it, no longer as supreme against a background; they studied and represented it in its diverse aspects, as variously affected by light and atmosphere. The result was a new and fuller kind of realism; and, in the case of Rembrandt, a new and, to many minds, more spiritual kind of idealism. Both, however, dropped out of ken during the eighteenth century, when the fashion was to be Italianate and artists revived both the realism and idealism of earlier times in Italy.



Moonlight—Sheep

In the collection of Mr. George L. Jewett, New York City

But with the nineteenth century science came anew to the front. The scientific attitude has penetrated life and thought; erasing old landmarks and setting up new ones; substituting for empiricism and surmise, exact knowledge, and establishing faith on facts. Of realism we demand a recognition of the facts of nature in relation to their environment, more intimately true than the realist of the past presented. Shall we then be satisfied with an idealism based on old conventions? On the contrary, we have come to discern that the idealist who really counts is he whose expression of ideal, abstract beauty, whose spirituality, is based upon realism, planted firmly in the facts of life. Such is Tryon; in default of a neater term, a Realist-Idealist. The value of his idealism consists in its fundamental relation to life as we all may know it; the value of his realism, in the immeasurable enhancement that it receives from being correlated with the spiritual. His blend of the two is, in microcosm, what today we are learning to conceive of life.

It is because of this, I suggested, that Tryon's art represents the last word that had to be said in the gradual evolution of representative painting, at any rate in landscape. But already, as I hinted at the beginning of this appreciation, a new motive has appeared, really a new phase, affected by the scientific attitude, of the old decorative motive of painting. While all painting of the best periods is distinguished by the decorative qualities of form and color, these qualities are in many cases, perhaps the

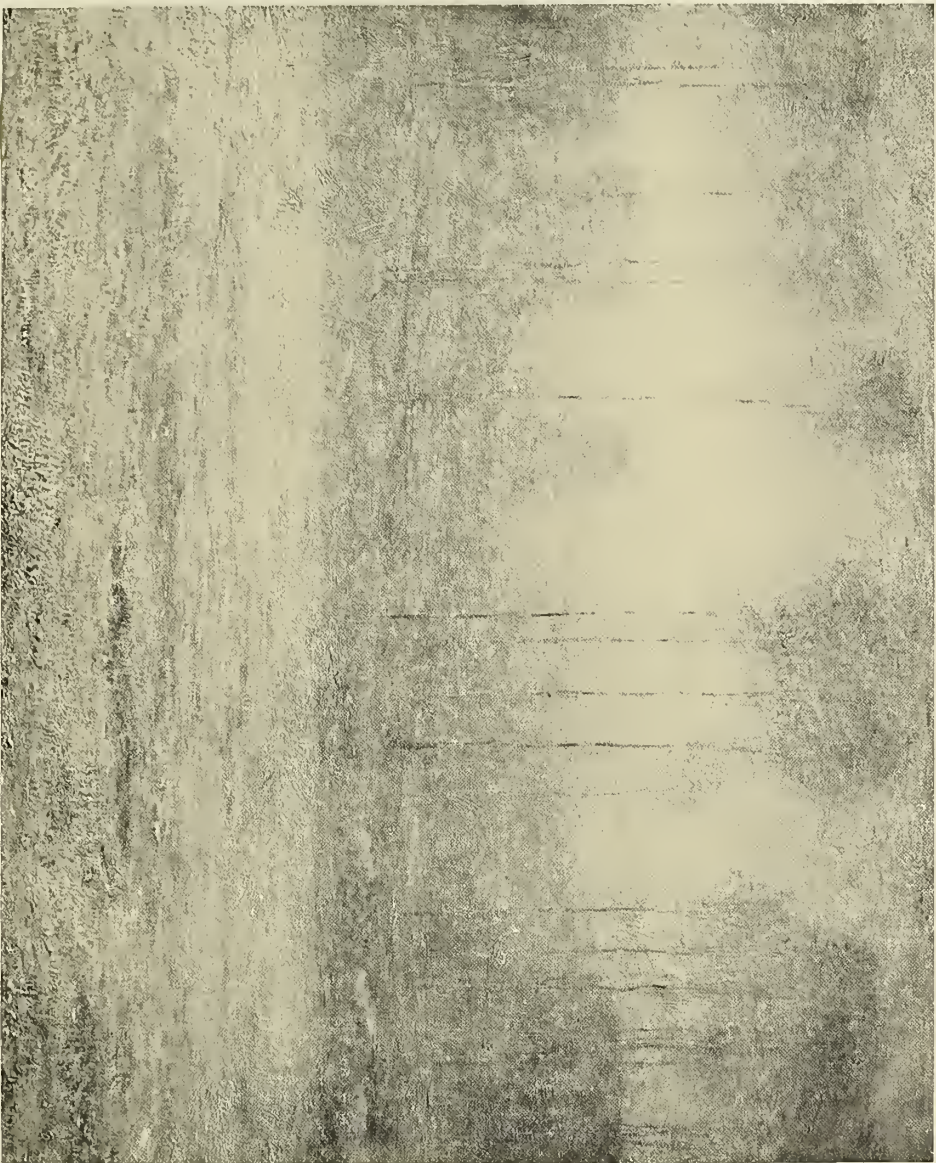
majority, treated as subsidiary to the prior motive of representation, of visualizing some person, incident, place or object. On the other hand, into many pictures the purpose of representation has scarcely entered; to make the picture decorative has been the prior and supreme intention. The latter was eminently conspicuous in Whistler's art.

He was so far from desiring to represent the world as it appears to the eye, that he described his treatment of nature as an "evocation." He was not concerned with the actual appearances, his idea being to evoke from them an abstract suggestion, from which, as far as possible, the consciousness of form should be eliminated. So for a time he experimented with night subjects, when the assertion of form disappears, and the scene melts into an ensemble of dimly lighted color and atmosphere. Thus in his *Nocturnes* he wrought pictures, purely decorative in their motive, the impression of which is, as nearly as possible, purely abstract.

This motive has been extended by certain of the later modern painters of landscape, for they attempt to evoke from daylight-nature a corresponding exclusiveness of decorative treatment and abstract suggestion. In doing so, they pay less heed to the forms than to the colors of nature; but, instead of representing the latter as they appear to the eye, they transpose them into an entirely different key—one that the actual scene has evoked from their imagination. Thus their pictures make little or

Daybreak—May

Smithsonian (Freer) Collection



06.78

no appeal to our sense of sight-reality; being directed immediately and almost solely to our abstract appreciation of beauty.

Into what this motive may develop, it is perhaps too soon to conjecture; but, for my own part, it seems to be a logical evolution that is full of possibilities. Meanwhile, its appearance emphasises the difference of Tryon's art, which, founded on the other motive of representation, has carried the latter in the direction both of realism and idealism, as far as it seems capable of new and original growth.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN

48



Autumn—Evening

In the collection of Mr. J. J. Albright, Buffalo

LIST OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PICTURES OF DWIGHT W. TRYON TO MAY MCMIX

MR. E. D. ADAMS, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Painting

November Evening 12 x 22

MR. J. J. ALBRIGHT, BUFFALO

Oil Painting

Autumn—Evening h. 20 w. 30

ART ASSOCIATION OF INDIANAPOLIS

Oil Painting

November Morning (wood panel) h. 27 w. 33

MR. FRANK L. BABBOTT, BROOKLYN

Oil Painting

Pasture Lands—Autumn h. 20 w. 30

MR. E. S. BELDEN, HARTFORD

Oil Paintings

Sunset on the Maine Coast h. 16 w. 24

The Pasture h. 12 w. 21

Water Color

Night—Dordrecht h. 16 w. 24

MR. F. E. BELDEN, HARTFORD

Oil Paintings

Banks of the Connecticut River h. 16 w. 24

Marine h. 16 w. 24

MRS. W. C. BREED, NEW YORK CITY

Pastel

Twilight—Autumn h. 10 w. 14

MR. W. K. BIXBY, ST. LOUIS

Oil Paintings

Moonlight		h. 16	w. 22
Ocean		h. 28	w. 36
Nightfall		h. 16	w. 24
Clearing after a Storm		h. 30	w. 37
Autumn in New England		h. 36	w. 48
Dawn—Early Spring		h. 20	w. 30
Glastonbury Meadows	1881	h. 16	w. 24
Springtime in France	1883	h. 20	w. 30
Starlight	1884	h. 24	w. 16
December Landscape	1886	h. 10½	w. 14
New England Farm in Winter	1886	h. 11	w. 16
After a Storm—Autumn	1886	h. 10	w. 14
New Bedford Harbor	1887	h. 14	w. 20
Autumn Evening	1888	h. 10	w. 14
Winter Evening	1889	h. 12	w. 22½
Evening—Early Spring	1889	h. 16	w. 24

Pastel

Meadow—Afternoon Cloud	22	x	25
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MR. WALTER COPELAND BRYANT, BROCKTON, MASS.

Oil Painting

Moonlight—A Trout Stream at Night			
(wood panel)	1905	9½x	13½

Pastels

Spring Song		7½x	9¼
Sea and Sky—Ogunquit	1907	5¼x	10¼
The Sea—Night—Ogunquit		2¼x	4
Sea and Sand—Ogunquit		2¼x	3½

Water Color

Haying Day	1883	13½x	23
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Evening in May

Buffalo Fine Arts Academy

MR. GEORGE H. BUEK, BROOKLYN

Pastel

Autumn h. $7\frac{3}{4}$ w. $9\frac{3}{4}$

THE BUFFALO FINE ARTS ACADEMY

Oil Painting

Evening in May (wood panel) h. 20 w. 30

MRS. S. R. CALLAWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Painting

Winter Afternoon h. 24 w. $29\frac{1}{2}$

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH

Oil Painting

May h. 40 w. 48

MR. F. W. CHENEY, SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

Oil Paintings

Harvest in Normandy	1881	h. 30	w. 48
Fog and Sails		15	x 24
Village Street in France at Twilight		20	x 30
Twilight in New England		10	x 14

MR. W. H. CHILDS, BROOKLYN

Oil Paintings

The Sea—Morning	h. $17\frac{1}{2}$ w. 24
The First Snow	h. 12 w. 22

Pastels

Across the Bay—October Afternoon	h. $7\frac{1}{2}$ w. $11\frac{1}{2}$
Farm House—Night	h. $7\frac{3}{4}$ w. $11\frac{3}{4}$

MRS. B. OGDEN CHISOLM, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Painting

The Farm—Dawn h. 20 w. 30

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON

Oil Painting

The End of Day h. 32½ w. 46½

MRS. JOHN T. DAVIS, ST. LOUIS

Oil Painting

October Twilight (wood panel) h. 14 w. 20

DETROIT MUSEUM OF ART

Oil Painting

Before Sunrise—June h. 20 w. 30

MR. JAMES W. ELLSWORTH, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Painting

Autumn h. 18 w. 30

MR. WILLIAM T. EVANS, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Paintings

Springtime (wood panel) 1897-9 h. 20 w. 25

An Autumn Evening (wood panel) 1908 h. 16 w. 24

Twilight at Auvergne 1878 h. 20 w. 30

MR. C. R. FITCH, BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

Oil Painting

Summer—Connecticut h. 20 w. 30

MRS. WATSON M. FREER, KINGSTON, N. Y.

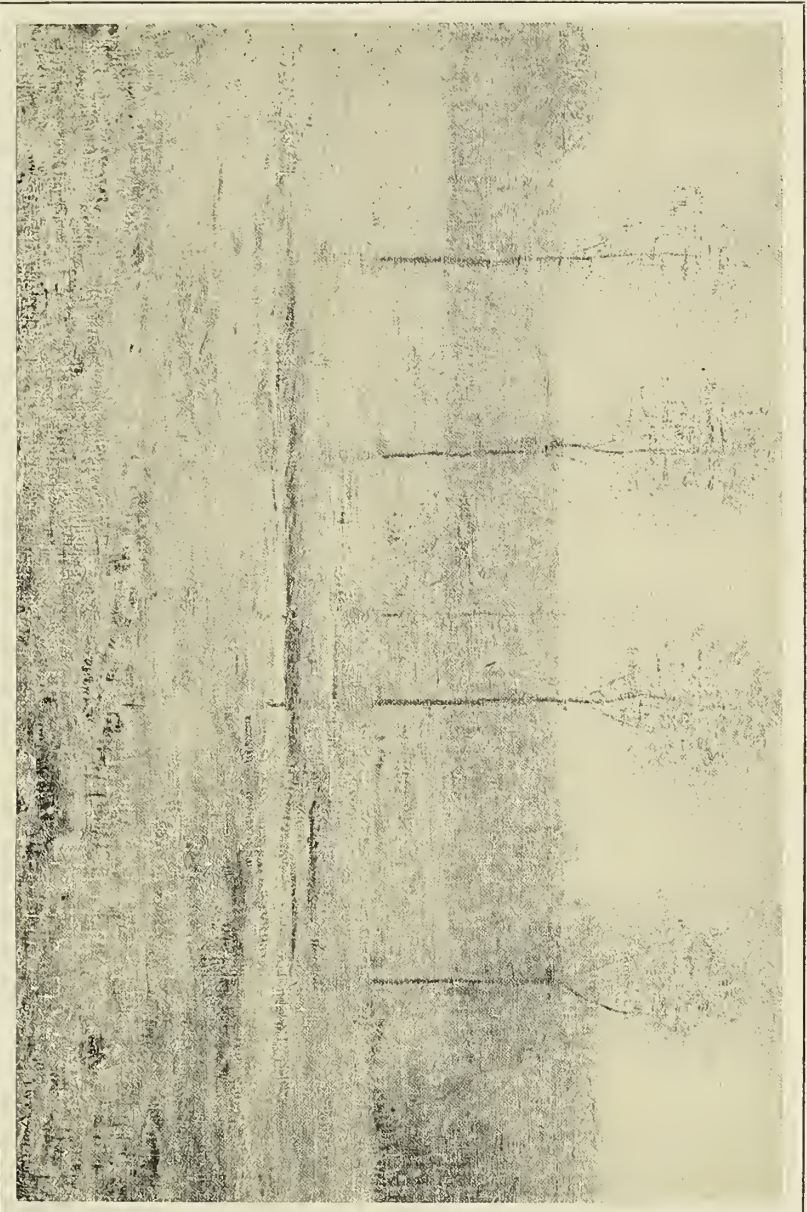
Water Color

November Afternoon h. 12 w. 22

MRS. FRANK H. GOODYEAR, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Oil Painting

Sunlight after Rain h. 35½ w. 42



Twilight—Early Spring

Smithsonian (Freer) Collection

93.12

MR. GEORGE A. HEARN, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Paintings

Return Home at Twilight		h. 22	w. 33
Moonrise at Sunset	(wood panel)	h. 29	w. 24
An Autumn Day	(wood panel)	h. 14	w. 20
Spring	(wood panel)	h. 11½	w. 22½

COL. FRANK J. HECKER, DETROIT

Oil Paintings

Rising Moon	(wood panel)	1890	h. 17½	w. 24
Spring		1903	h. 39½	w. 30
Autumn		1903	h. 39½	w. 30
After Showers—June		1896	h. 18½	w. 34½
Harvest Time—Evening	(wood panel)	1899	h. 19½	w. 29½
The Meadow—Morning		1899	h. 19½	w. 29½
The Farm—October Night	(wood panel)	1904	h. 19⅛	w. 29¼
Autumn Afternoon	(wood panel)	1905-6	h. 22¾	w. 36½

Water Color

Yachts at Anchor	1888	h. 10½	w. 10
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Pastels

Golden Rod	1895	9½ x	13½
Golden Rod and Asters	1896	9½ x	13½

MRS. H—, RHODE ISLAND

Oil Painting

Dawn	h. 14	w. 20
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Pastel

Before Sunrise	h. 10	w. 14
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MISS H—, RHODE ISLAND

Oil Painting

Night	h. 10	w. 11½
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HILLYER ART GALLERY, SMITH COLLEGE,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Oil Paintings

The River Maas at Dordrecht	1881	h. 30	w. 48
The First Leaves (wood panel)		h. 32	w. 40
Moorlands—Dartmouth		h. 30	w. 52
Twilight—May	1894	h. 32	w. 46
Evening		h. 32	w. 46
Dawn (wood panel)	1906	h. 20	w. 30
Salt Marsh—December (wood panel)	1890	h. 24	w. 36
Evening in New England (wood panel)		h. 20	w. 32

MISS M. B. HILLYER, HARTFORD

Pastel

Night	h. 8	w. 12
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MR. EDMUND HAYES, BUFFALO

Oil Painting

Evening in June	h. 19	w. 26
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MISS MARY MINTURN HARTSHORNE, HIGHLANDS, N. J.

Pastel

Sea and Moonlight	h. 8	w. 12
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MR. H. S. HOLDEN, SYRACUSE

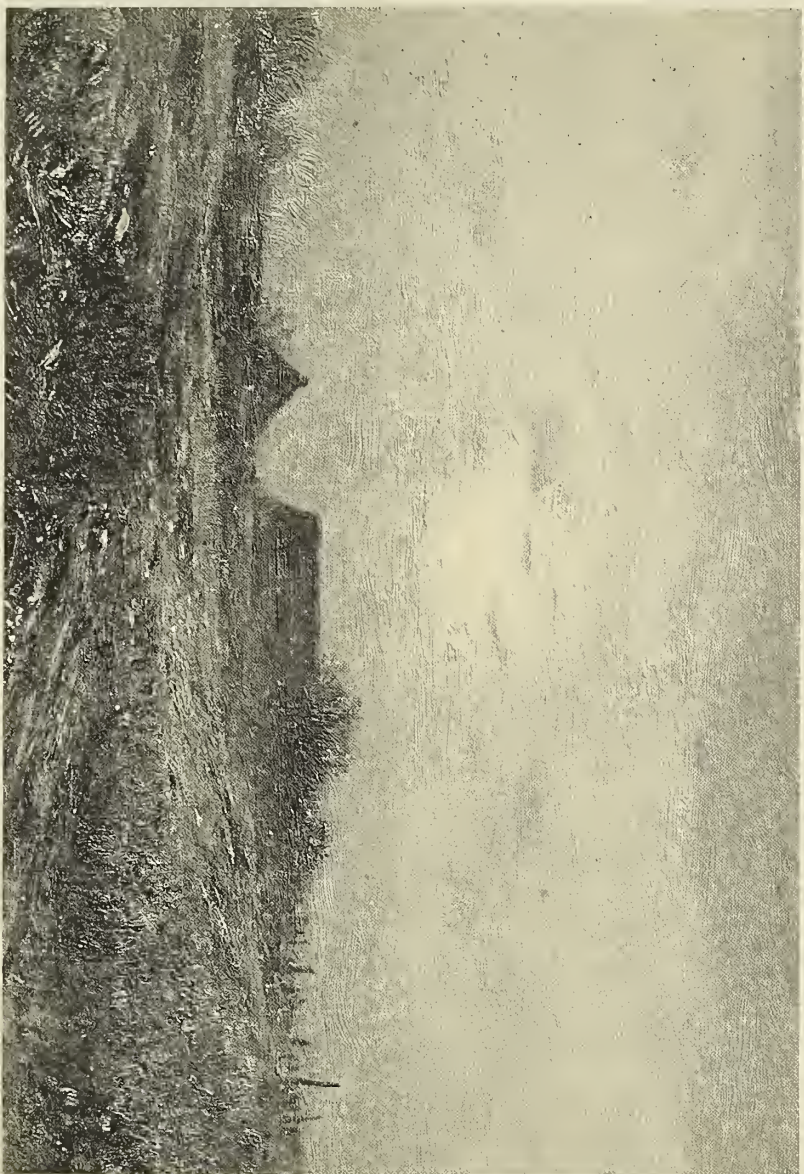
Oil Painting

Sunset	h. 16	w. 24
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DR. ALEXANDER C. HUMPHREYS, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Paintings

October—Late Evening (wood panel)	h. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$	w. 15 $\frac{3}{4}$
Across the Fields—November	h. 18	w. 30



Night—September

In the collection of Mr. N. E. Montross, New York City

MR. GEORGE L. JEWETT, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Paintings

Evening—New Bedford Harbor (wood panel)	h. 20	w. 32
Dawn—Early Spring (wood panel)	h. 20	w. 36½
Apple Blossoms	h. 22	w. 30
Twilight (wood panel)	h. 16	w. 24
Moonlight—Sheep	h. 14	w. 20

Pastel

Spring Landscape	h. 8	w. 13
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MRS. H. B. LEARNED, NEW HAVEN

Oil Painting

Twilight—October (wood panel)	h. 16	w. 24
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MR. CHARLES G. LINCOLN, HARTFORD

Oil Painting

The Beach at Niantic	h. 20	w. 30
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MR. R. G. LINCOLN, HARTFORD

Oil Painting

Rocks and Surf	h. 16	w. 24
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MR. ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW, BOSTON

Oil Painting

Early Morning—September (wood panel)	h. 20	w. 30
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MR. W. J. MCBRIDE, ST. LOUIS

Pastels

Moonlight	h. 7¾	w. 11½
New England Farm	h. 10	w. 14

MR. W. K. MCMILLAN, LONDON, ENGLAND

Oil Paintings

Autumn Afternoon	h. 20	w. 30
The Meadow—Early Morning	h. 16	w. 24

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Painting

Moonlight (wood panel) h. 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ w. 21 $\frac{1}{16}$

MR. S. F. MOREY, SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

Oil Paintings

Rising Moon (wood panel) h. 17 w. 25

Pasture—Cape Cod (wood panel) h. 14 w. 22

Pastel

Spring h. 9 w. 11

MISS L. L. D. MOREY, SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

Oil Painting

Moonrise—Spring (wood panel) h. 22 w. 30

Pastels

Autumn h. 10 w. 14

The Brook—May h. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ w. 15

Autumn h. 8 w. 11

THE MISSES MANCHESTER, BUFFALO

Oil Painting

Sunrise—Early Spring h. 16 w. 22

MR. GEORGE P. MELICK, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Pastel

Early Morning h. 10 w. 14

MR. BUNKIO MATSUKI, BOSTON

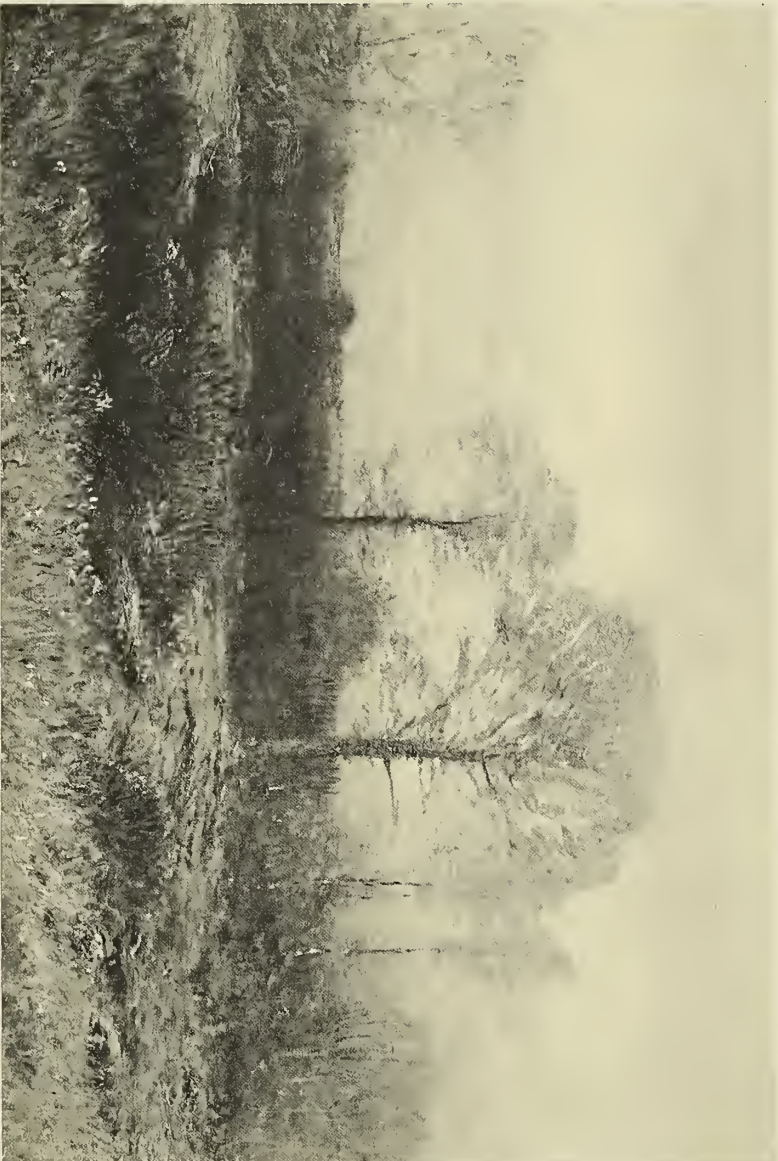
Oil Paintings

Daybreak (wood panel) h. 14 w. 20

Night h. 14 w. 20

Pastel

The Sea—Sunrise h. 10 w. 14



November

National Gallery of Art, Washington. Gift of William T. Evans

MR. BURTON MANSFIELD, NEW HAVEN

Oil Painting

Newport at Night (wood panel) h. 12 w. 16

Pastels

Evening 8 x 12
 Evening in Port $8\frac{1}{2}$ x $12\frac{1}{2}$
 Fairhaven 9 x 14
 Moonlight 8 x 12
 April $8\frac{1}{2}$ x $10\frac{1}{2}$

MRS. SIDNEY E. MORSE, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Painting

The River Maas 1881 h. 20 w. 30

MR. N. E. MONTROSS, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Paintings

Night—September h. 14 w. 20
 New England Road h. 16 w. 24
 Haying h. 16 w. 24
 The Sea h. 11 w. 22
 Cape Cod h. $11\frac{1}{2}$ w. 22
 Apple Blossoms h. 14 w. 24
 Normandy Meadows h. 16 w. 24
 Buzzards Bay Shore h. 14 w. 24
 Near the Shore—Moonrise h. 30 w. 50
 The Roadside Pasture h. $10\frac{1}{2}$ w. $21\frac{1}{2}$
 An Autumn Day h. 14 w. 20

Water Colors

Connecticut Hills—Winter h. $7\frac{1}{2}$ w. $11\frac{1}{2}$
 Springtime h. 13 w. 24
 Glastonbury Meadows h. 14 w. 24
Pastel
 Summer h. 6 w. 9

THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, ST. LOUIS

Oil Paintings

Before Sunrise		h. 29½	w. 40½
Nightfall		h. 20	w. 30

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON

GIFT OF WILLIAM T. EVANS

Oil Painting

November	(wood panel)	h. 20	w. 30
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MR. WILLIAM NOTTINGHAM, SYRACUSE

Pastel

The Pool		h. 10	w. 14½
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PEABODY INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE

Oil Painting

Morning		h. 14	w. 20
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MR. JOHN HARSEN RHOADES, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Painting

Moonlight		25	x 34
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MR. OLIVER RICKETSON, PITTSBURGH

Oil Painting

December	(wood panel)	h. 18	w. 30
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Pastels

East Wind		h. 10	w. 14
Moonrise		h. 10	w. 14

MR. WILLIAM A. ROGERS, BUFFALO

Oil Paintings

After Sunset		h. 20	w. 30
The Brook—May		h. 48	w. 64



Rising Moon

In the collection of Col. Frank J. Hecker, Detroit

SMITHSONIAN (FREER) COLLECTION

Oil Paintings

A Lighted Village	(wood panel)		h. 13½ w. 21	06.74
Moonlight		1887	h. 19½ w. 31	91.2
The Rising Moon—Autumn				
	(wood panel)	1889	h. 19½ w. 31	89.31
Sea—Sunset	(wood panel)	1889	h. 20 w. 30	06.76
Twilight—Early Spring		1893	h. 22 w. 33	93.12
Springtime		1897	h. 71 w. 58	06.77
Daybreak—May	(wood panel)	1897-8	h. 26 w. 32	06.78
Sunrise—April	(wood panel)	1899	h. 33 w. 35½	06.79
New England Hills	(wood panel)	1901	h. 20 w. 40	06.80
Twilight—May	(wood panel)	1904	h. 32 w. 40	06.81
The Evening Star	(wood panel)	1905	h. 20 w. 30	06.82
Morning.	(wood panel)	1906	h. 16 w. 24	06.83
Sea—Night			h. 16 w. 32	06.84
Sea—Morning			h. 16 w. 32	06.85
Springtime			h. 37 w. 82	93.14
Summer			h. 37 w. 60	93.15
Autumn			h. 37 w. 48	93.16
Winter			h. 28 w. 60	93.17
Dawn			h. 30 w. 60	06.86
The Sea—Evening		1907	h. 30 w. 48	07.151
April Morning	(wood panel)	1908	h. 20 w. 30	08.16
October	(wood panel)	1908	h. 20 w. 30	08.22
Autumn Day	(wood panel)	1907-8	h. 24 w. 38	09.2
Night	(wood panel)	1909	h. 14 w. 20	09.39

Water Colors

Winter—Central Park		1890	h. 11 w. 22	00.12
Pasture Lands—Early Spring				
	(wood panel)	1896	h. 11 w. 22	00.11

SMITHSONIAN (FREER) COLLECTION—CONTINUED

Pastels

Central Park—Moonlight		h. 9½ w. 14	06.87
Winter—Connecticut Valley	1894	h. 9½ w. 14	06.88
Late Spring	1894	h. 9 w. 12	06.89
Night—A Landscape	1894	h. 7¼ w. 9½	06.90
Niagara Falls		h. 11½ w. 14½	06.91
Night—A Harbor		h. 7 w. 11	06.92
Early Night		h. 7⅝ w. 11½	06.93
The Sea—Moonlight		h. 7⅝ w. 11⅝	06.94
November Afternoon		h. 7½ w. 11½	05.289
The Sea—East Wind	1906	h. 8 w. 12	06.264
The Sea—A Freshening Breeze	1906	h. 8 w. 12	06.265
Easterly Storm	1907	h. 7¼ w. 11¼	08.1

MRS. OLIVER CROCKER STEVENS, BOSTON

Oil Painting

A New England Village	1883	h. 19 w. 34
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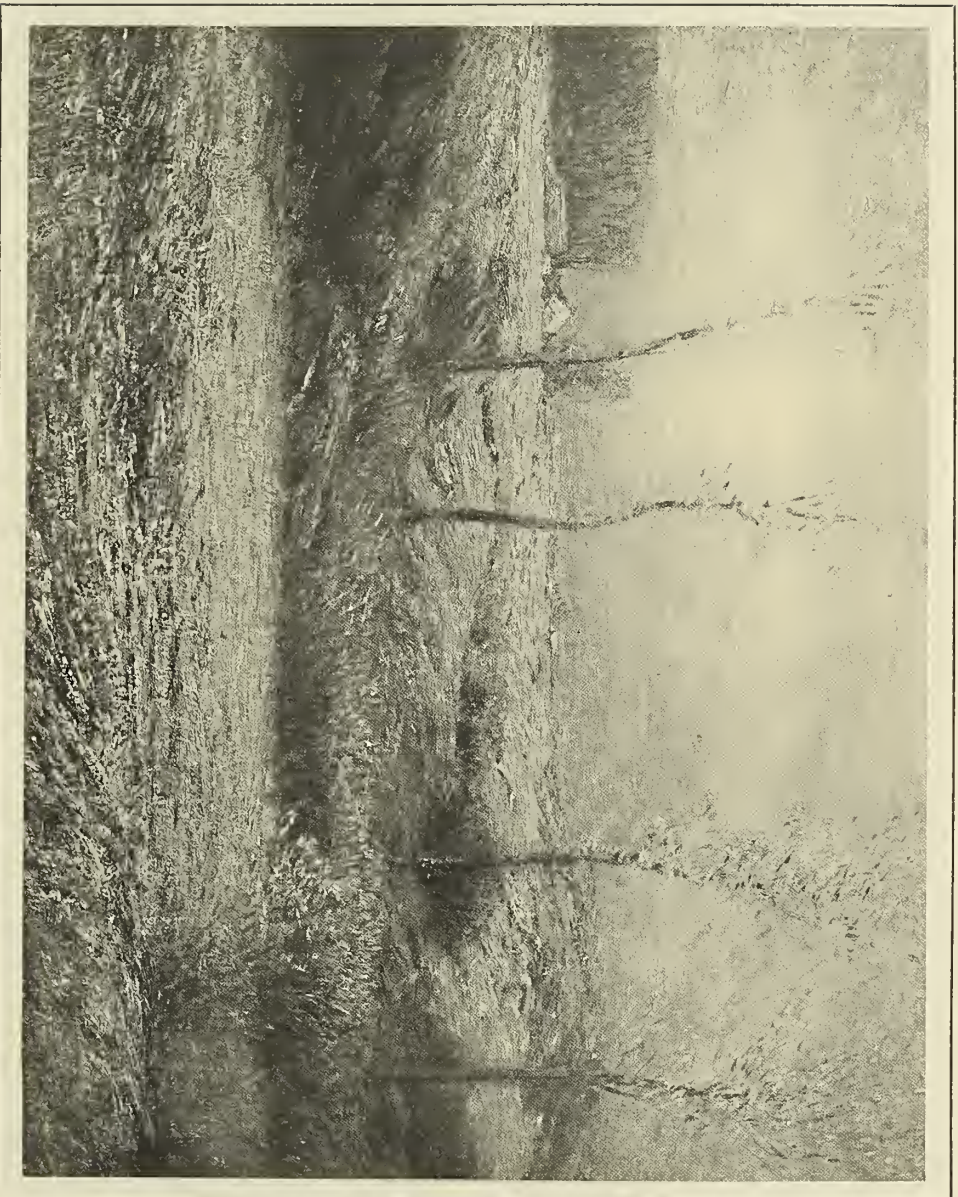
MR. A. T. SANDEN, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Paintings

Moonrise	(wood panel)	h. 21 w. 31
The Lake	(wood panel)	h. 12 w. 24
The Clearing	(wood panel)	h. 17 w. 25
Evening	(wood panel)	h. 17 w. 25
Morning	(wood panel)	h. 27 w. 33½
Evening	(wood panel)	h. 13½ w. 19½
Spring—Gardening		h. 25 w. 36

Pastel

Sand Dunes and Sea	h. 8½ w. 10½
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November Morning

Art Association of Indianapolis

MRS. SPRAGUE SMITH, NEW YORK CITY

Pastel

Sunrise h. 8 w. 12

MRS. H. B. STONE, HYDE PARK, MASS.

Oil Painting

The Sea—Early Moonrise h. 20 w. 30

MR. CHARLES H. TALCOTT, HARTFORD

Oil Paintings

Dawn 1907 h. 16 w. 24

Early Morning 1904 h. 10 w. 14

Moonrise 1907 h. 10 w. 14

MRS. D. W. TRYON, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Painting

At Sea 1892 h. 26 w. 60

MISS MARY N. WASHBURN, GREENFIELD, MASS.

Oil Paintings

Evening—Autumn (wood panel) h. 16 w. 24

Dawn—Early Spring (wood panel) h. 20 w. 30

MRS. JAMES S. WATSON, ROCHESTER

Oil Painting

Late Twilight—Autumn h. 16 w. 24

MR. E. T. WEBB, WEBB CITY, MO.

Oil Painting

Afternoon—October (wood panel) 1907-8 h. 20 w. 30

MRS. W. O. WHITCOMB, NEW HAVEN

Pastel

October h. 8 w. 12

WORCESTER ART MUSEUM, WORCESTER

Oil Painting

Autumn Sunset h. 20 w. 30

MR. HENRY C. WHITE, HARTFORD

Oil Paintings

Twilight—Early Spring (wood panel) h. 20 w. 30

Morning in May (wood panel) h. 20 w. 30

Pastels

The Sea—Morning 8 x 12

Moonrise 8 x 12

MISS WILLIAMS, HARTFORD

Oil Painting

Moonlight h. $8\frac{3}{4}$ w. $10\frac{3}{4}$

MR. JAMES B. WILLIAMS, NEW YORK CITY

Oil Painting

Springtime (wood panel) 1893 20 x 30

Pastel

Village Street—South Dartmouth, Mass. 6 x 9

Water Colors

Moonrise 1889 $13\frac{1}{2}$ x 16

The Birches 1889 $7\frac{1}{2}$ x 10

Printed by The Forest Press, New York



The End of Day

Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington

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